

Don't Tell Me

by NothingxRemains

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Summary: He'll never be able to take it back. Forgiveness exists, but so does Darkness. [Set after the first HTTYD movie. Before the second one. I'm horrible at summaries, there might or might not be a happy ending.]

Don't Tell Me

"Maybe if you weren't _cursing_ us with endless winter-"

The look on Jack's face killed the words in Hiccup's throat.

"_You're not a viking_."

Tears welled up in the winter spirit's icy blue eyes, his expression making Hiccup remember the raw, agonizing pain of rejection.

"_You're not my son_."

The anger instantly vanished, his jaw working soundlessly as he grasped for a way to take it back. "Wait, no, I didn't mean-_Jack_!"

The winter spirit was gone, taking off as fast as he could into the harsh endless blue of the sky, vision blurring as he willed himself away, anywhere that wasn't here.

The freezing wind was merciless that night. Stoick was sitting by the fire sharpening his axe when the door opened and slammed shut again. He looked over to find Hiccup slumped against the wood, forehead pressed to the door with the wind howling on the other side. "Something the matter, son?" he asked. Toothless, who'd been relaxing on the floor from the other side of the fire, lifted his head,

crooning inquisitively at Hiccup.

The brunette took a deep breath and pulled himself upright, turning to face the rest of the room and giving his dad a tired smile. "Nah, just a long day. I'm uh, gonna just, go to bed. Night dad," he said, subtly dragging himself up the stairs to his bedroom, Toothless getting his feet underneath him and cautiously following after him. The dragon crooned in concern and nudged at his best friend, who sat on the edge of his bed with a heavy sigh, shoulders slumping. He pet the top of his head, unable to muster the strength to force another smile. "I'll be alright, bud. Let's just go to sleep."

That night he dreamed his and Jack's first encounter, the morning he woke up to Toothless' usual noisy clatter on top of his house, greeted by an endless blanket of freshly fallen snow when he walked out the door. Toothless wasn't alone when he jumped down from the roof.

He didn't sleep very long.

* * *

><p>A week passed with no sign of Jack before Astrid finally managed to corner the dragon trainer.<p>

"Alright, what's going on?" She accused, her axe dangling from one hand with the other poised on her hip, blocking his only escape.

"What uh, I have no idea what you could possibly be talking about," he responded, looking anywhere and everywhere but her. Astrid's eyes narrowed; moments later his hands were scrabbling at the handle of her axe, head trapped against the wall between the two upturned points of the blades, the other end pressing against his adam's apple as he swallowed convulsively.

"Don't think I haven't noticed. The bags under your eyes get worse every day, the snow has let up and I haven't seen Jack around in days. What happened?" she continued, not one for beating around the bush. The panic slowly fell from his face, the demand bleeding out of the girl's face as the regret set in. His hands fell limply to his sides and she pulled the axe back to her side again, eyes turning concerned.

The viking shook his head and pushed away from the wall and past her, running his fingers through his hair frustratedly. "I don't know! I didn't mean to- I just, I was so angry."

Astrid came up behind him. "Hiccup, where's Jack?" she said, softer this time, touching him on the shoulder. He looked at her, before he sighed in defeat, shoulders dropping.

"We got into an argument. It's just so frustrating, y'know? I've tried so hard to prove myself and make my dad happy, but the winter..." his voice trailed off, and he didn't bother finishing the sentence. Her eyes widened in understanding.

"You took it out on him." It wasn't a question. She was slightly horrified and really worried.

"I called him a curse, Astrid. I didn't just take it out on him, I blamed him. He's been gone for a whole week, I haven't seen him at all." His eyes didn't leave the ground. "I don't think he'll ever come back," he confessed quietly. Astrid was quiet for a moment before she patted him on the back reassuringly.

"He will."

* * *

><p>Jack remembered the first snoggletog he spent on Berk. He had grown closer to Hiccup in the two months since he met him, and the viking knew everything there was to know about the guardians, even their history with Pitch. He had left a couple days prior, saying he had important guardian business to attend to and that he'd be back soon. Jack found out later from Astrid how worried and more than a little let down the freckled boy was when he thought Jack would miss their first holiday together. North had pleasantly (or not so pleasantly for Jack) surprised him, a portal bursting to life in the middle of the great hall and a giant red sack flying through. The winter spirit was greeted by a delighted Hiccup, skinny arms throwing themselves around his cold body as he crawled to his feet. That was how all of Berk discovered that the legend of Jokul Frosti wasn't just a legend. (Of course, the dragons already knew that.)<p>

It was also the day Jack received his one and only present in over three hundred years. Hiccup had melded him a small but beautifully detailed metal pendant with a snowflake engraved on one side and the dragon academy symbol on the other, a thin strip of leather woven through the small hole at the top. Hiccup woke up with an identical one hanging from his neck with a tiny metal chain, the pendant a crystallized blue that glittered in the sunlight. ("It will never melt as long as I exist.")

The winter spirit had hid himself on the far side of the island, beyond the other edge of the forest and fighting to keep himself contained there, plaguing the mountain sides with endless ice and snow. In a way, Jack was glad he had left when he did; The knowledge of their mortality was inescapable. It hurt to imagine what Hiccup would look like years from now, unable to make himself picture the brunette's still and aged form lying in the boat of his people as it went down in flames. Still, the memory of the their in his head made the weight of the pendant burn against his flesh the way the words burned in his heart, branding him.

He tried over and over again, for days, but despite his efforts, no matter how close he got, Jack couldn't make his fingers uncurl his fingers where they caged the precious gift safely into his palm.

The winter spirit was standing on the top of a small mountain, trying to no avail to rid himself of the pain tied to the small trinket, when Astrid found him. Unfortunately, she wasn't the only one.

"_Jack, Jack,_ _Jack. what have you gotten yourself into this time?_"

* * *

><p>Aaand there you have it. More angst. I mean really

though, is anyone surprised? I'm certainly not.

****Based off this video (you-tube-.-c-o-m-/-watch?v=zySr2zBYmeE
minus the dashes) made for my birthday by quicktrick (quicktrick-.-t-u-m-b-l-r-.-c-o-m)****

****Awesome right? There's definitely a chapter two. Maybe a chapter three. I don't know if I'll cut it off where she did in the video or extend it.****

****Depends on if I feel like it. Depends on if she makes a sequel. Depends on****_ if anybody asks_****.****

End
file.